

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

OUR COUNTRY, LIBERTY, AND GOD.

ALFRED L. PRICE
AND
DAVID FULTON PROPRIETORS.

VOL. I.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1845.

NO. 32.

PUBLISHED
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

TERMS

OF THE
WILMINGTON JOURNAL:
Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.
\$3 00 at the end of three months.
50 at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Inserted at one dollar per square of 16 lines or less, for the first and twenty-five cents for each succeeding insertion. 25 per cent will be deducted from an advertising bill when it amounts to many dollars in any one year. Yearly standing advertisements will be inserted at \$10 per square. All legal advertisements charged 25 per cent higher.

If the number of insertions are not marked on the advertisement, they will be continued until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid, OFFICE on the south east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

A. L. PRICE, Printer.

PRINTING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacturer & Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS.

Wholesale and Retail,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
Merchant,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM COORE,
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
AND
General Commission Merchant,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS

For the sale of Plaster, Lumber, and all other kinds of Produce.
Sept. 21, 1844. 1-4f

ROBT. G. HANKIN,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Wholesale and Retail, next door to the friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-4f

W. M. SHAW,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
Second brick building on Water, South of Mulberry Street, up stairs.

LIST OF BLANKS

ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs
do do Subpoenas
do do Fi. Fas.

County Court Sine Facias
Apprentice's Indentures
Letters of Administrators

Jury's Tickets
Peace warrants
Constable's bonds

Notes of hand
Checks, Cape Fear Bank
do Branch Bank of the State

Notes, negotiable at bank
Inspector's Certificates
Certificates of Justices attending Court

Shipping Papers
Bills Lading (letter)
Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

S. E. cor. Princes & Front-sts.,
One door above the Hanover House.

NOTICE

A Carriage & Horse will be kept in readiness at the HAVER HOUSE, to convey Passengers to and from the Rail Road and Steamboat, and will also be let to parties of pleasure, families, &c. JOHN CHRISTIAN,
Wilmington, N. C., Oct. 25, 1844.—[6-4f]

JUST RECEIVED,

Per Sch. J. D. JONES,
50 PLOUGHS, No. 1 & 11,
200 Shares and Mouldboards,
20 Boxes pale soap,
10 do. John Elder's Tobacco,
20 Bbls. Canal Flour,
20 Half do do.

For sale by JAS. I. BRYAN.
Feb'y 7th, 1845.—[21-4f]

FOR SALE,

TWO TROTTER HORSES.

These Horses are both fine travellers, and either of them will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

Also,
One light Northern built Sulky and Harness; one Family Close Carriage and Harness,

& one Pedlar's Waggon & Harness.

For further information, apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

April 11.—[30]

LOST.

ON the 21st inst., a POCKET BOOK containing \$50 in cash, and several notes of hand. One note on Edward Smith, for \$250, one on Amos Thomas for \$75, and several other notes not recollecting. A liberal reward will be paid by the subscriber for the recovery of said Pocket Book.

MILES COSTIN.
March 28, 1845 (28-4f)

To Physicians and Country Merchants!

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, SHOP FURNITURE, INSTRUMENTS, &c. &c. &c.
At 25 per cent on Northern Prices.

The Subscriber has received his summer stock of Medicines, &c., and is now prepared to put up orders from Physicians and country Merchants, at 25 per cent. on invoice prices.

The above stock has been carefully selected, and every article is warranted of first quality. Amongst his assortment will be found

250 oz. Sulph. Quinine
100 lbs. red, pale and yellow Barks
50 doz. fresh Seltzer Powders
20 lbs. English and American Calomel

English Blue, Mass. Sulph. Morphine, &c. &c. With every article necessary for the most extensive practitioner.

The following Patent Medicines have just been received:—

Sand's Sarsaparilla and Tetter remedy,
Chesmin's Balsam,
Swain's and Indian Panacea

Leidy's Blood Pills and Sarsaparilla
Rowan's Tonic Mixture
Swayne's Syrup Wild Cherry

Taylor's Balsam Liverwort
Jayne's Expectant, & Hair Tonic &c.
Also, White Lead, Paint and White-wash

Brushes, and Oil.
Prompt attention paid to all orders from the country.

*Those whose accounts are over six months standing will confer a favor by having them settled by the first of May next. WM. SHAW.
Wilmington, April 4th, 1845. [29-3m]

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

It may truly be said, that no one has ever been so successful in compounding a medicine, which has done so much to relieve the human family, to rob disease of its terrors, and restore the invalid to health and comfort, as the Inventor and Proprietor of that most deservedly popular family medicine, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and none has been so generally patronized by the Profession and others, both in this country and in Europe, nor has there ever been so great an effort in the short space of six or seven years, to detect the credulous and unthinking, by putting up spurious versions of various kinds, by various individuals, affecting the name of Wild Cherry, and as much of the name of the original preparation as will screen them from the lash of the law, and one of the impostors who puts out the common paragon of the shops and calls it the Balsam of Wild Cherry, has had the impudence to caution the public against the original preparation, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which is doing so much good in the world.

Beware of such impostors.

And purchase none but the original and only genuine article as prepared by Dr. Swayne, which is the only one compounded by a regular Physician, and arose from many years' close attention to the practice of the profession, and which led to this great discovery. Thousands and tens of thousands of the best testimonials of the unparalleled success of Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry for the cure of consumption, coughs, colic, sitting blood, liver complaint, tickling or rising in the throat, nervous debility, weakness of voice, palpitation or disease of the heart, pain in the side or breast, broken constitution from various causes, the abuse of calomel, &c., bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, &c., were declared to the world years before any other preparation of Wild Cherry came out. The most skeptical may satisfy themselves as to the truth of the above, by a little enquiry in Philadelphia. The genuine article is prepared only by Dr. Swayne, whose office has been removed to N. W. corner of 8th and Race streets, Philadelphia.

The Balsam and other spurious articles of Wild Cherry has been sold out, and the impostors are obliged to resort to falsehood and stratagem to make their own out of it. The genuine article is put up in plain style in square bottles covered with a blue wrapper, with a yellow label with the proprietor's signature attached. To get the genuine in Wilmington, you must go to the only appointed agent, WM. SHAW.

The public are requested to remember that it is Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, that has and is repeatedly performing such miraculous cures of diseases which have baffled the skill of the profession and set at defiance the whole catalogue of Patent Medicines, which are daily pulled through the organs of the press. Therefore ask for Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and purchase no other.

April 11th, 1845.

Hats! Hats! Hats! Hats!

HE subscriber has just returned from the North with a handsome assortment of spring and summer Goods,
CONSISTING OF
Papa, Mens', Boys' and Infants' Leghorn and Palm Leaf HATS.

of every style and quality; also the Spring style of mens' and boys' CAPS. Ladies' Riding Caps, latest styles and a general assortment of mens' and boys' fur, silk, and wool HATS, which I will sell at wholesale and retail, cheap for cash.

In addition to the above, I have just received per schooners Jonas Smith, and J. D. Jones, the
Spring Style of Gentlemen's Hats.

Those in want of a genteel article are invited to call and examine them.

A L S O.

A New Style of Boys' Hats.

Just received and for sale by
C. MYERS, Fashionable Hatter,
Market-st., Wilmington.

March 21, 1845. 27-4f

New Boarding House.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully inform his friends and the public, that he has opened a Boarding House at the well known stand formerly occupied by W. R. Larkins, on Market-street. He would take occasion to state, that he has fitted up the house in the very best style, and that his table will be as good as any other house of the kind in Wilmington. His terms will be moderate, and he promises to spare no pains in making those comfortable who may be pleased to favor him with their patronage.

N. F. BOURDEAUX.
Wilmington, N. C., Jan. 17th, 1845. 18-4f

FLOUR.

100 barrels fine and superfine, for sale by
G. W. DAVIS.

Feb'y 21.—[22-4f]

Col. Pardon Jones's Letter.

SHADY GROVE, BAY STATE, }
March the 16th, 1845. }

To the Editor of the Picayune, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I and Captain Potter arrived to this place last night, just after sun-down, after one of the most perry-lus see vices in the skuner that brought up a load of melasses for my old friend, that ever you read on since Christofer Columbus first discovered the Falls of Niagara.

The citizens of Dead Cow Brook held a meetin here, 'bout three munces ago, to consider the state of the Union, and the dangers that hung over it, and appointed a committee of eleven, to write a letter to I and Captin Potter, invitin on us to come here by express mail; I to take command of my old regiment, and the Captin to give good advice. The same day we got the letter we packed up, not stoppin to have our dirty shirts washed, and when we got to New Orleans, Capt. Sy Smith, of the skuner Swiftfoot, advised us to go with him, round to Boston, on his vessel.

He said the express mail had got into such a habit of never failing to fail, that we might as likely as not be three munces on the way; but he could take us round in forty days, and wouldnt charge us but half price, seein that he had the Captin's melasses aboard; so we set sail from New Orleans, jist sixty days ago, day afore yesterday, and got into Boston yesterday mornin! We wasnt in no danger of bein shipracked nor nothing of that sort, but we got out of provisions, and hadnt nothin to sustain life for the last six days but the cargo, which was sweet petaters and melasses! The petaters was good 'nuff, but the melasses had jist got cleverly to workin, when we begin to eat it, and as soon as we got it down our stomachs, it worked vuss then ever, and both on us is fallen away a good deal. Sy Smith made us pay sixty dollars apiece, passage money, yesterday, arter we got into port! 'Why,' says I, 'didnt you promise to take us for half price?' 'Yes,' said he, 'but my full price is a hundred and twenty dollars a piece, so fork over the rino, old fellers; if you dont I'll jist take you up afore a Justice!' We paid him, but it was cussed hard, I can tell you. I never had my facins hurt so bad in my life.

We found the patriotic citizens of Dead Cow Brook in dreadful commotion. Simon Spalding has got one hundred and twenty-one sogers in artillery company, all on 'em trained fast rate. There aint one on 'em but what dass to go right up within four feet of the cannon and tetch it off with the tongue! They're the ral' stuff. You've heard I s'pey, that the old Bay State is a going to try to set up for herself, in behalf of the niggers? Well, this artillery company (the same that saved Rhode Island when she wanted to commit suicide) is determined to keep this State from goin off and leavin the Union. All the rest of my regiment has gone over to the enemy. We dont know, yit, which road the enemy means to take, to get out of the Union, whether to Canada, Bermuda, or to England, though we ruther guess 'twill be to England, for they've ben lookin that way mighty longin, now goin on some time. We shall keep a keen eye on the packet ships, and plenty of sogers on the railroads, so 'twill be putty hard for the old Bay State to get off without our knowin on't. When we got out of the railroad last night, in Dead Cow Brook, we found as much as three hundred people there, all true blooded Unionists, holdin a meetin. Seeh a hollerin and pulling off of hats as there was when they found out that I'n the Captin had arriv, I guess you never see. I started to get up on top of a railroad car, to make a speech, but Captin Potter got hold of my coat tail and yanked me down, and clambered up himself. Grashus grunter! how they hollerin when they see the old man's wig rise up over the car! I dont wonder he felt like speakin, and he did speak, in, fast rate. He begin to cry a little, when he fust looked round at his neighbors and frinds, but 'twasnt long afore he begun.

'Frinds and feller countrymen!' said he, raising up both hands, 'God bless the hull bilin on ye! [Here he had to wait for 'em to hurrah] I and Curnel Pardon Jones has come to save the good old Bay State from disgracin herself and running off in a huff! The Bay State shant go, feller countrymen, and leave this glorious Union; if she does go, she shall walk over my dead corpse fust! [Here the old Captin put his fists on both sides of his heart, puckerd up his mouth, stuck his head forrard, and made his eyes stick out like two pealed onions in a seller-wall.] Yes, over my dead corpse! What! the land of Bunker Hill—the land of Lexington—the land of the Pilgrim Rock—the descendants of them hero fathers that fit, bled and died the fust and last, to save, form and establish this glorious Union—she the fust to run off and leave it! Jest let me ketch her a duin it!! What is the Bay State mad about? 'Cause Texas is annexed! What hurt will that du her? None—'Twill du her people good—'twill make

'em rich, in the way of trade. But she's made 'cause the niggers won't be abolished so soon if we get Texas, so she thinks. Some folks thinks they'll be abolished sooner with Texas than without it; but one thing is carlin, and that is, if we get Texas, the niggers will have more warm climate to live in then they have now, and will live more comfortable. They dont bring no more new niggers from Guinny in this country, as they du to the English islands, so that the niggers we've already got cant increase no faster than Natur will let 'em, and if we can make 'em more comfortable with Texas, and can make the Bay State folks rich, we'd ought to have it, and we will have it! [The railroad injine rung its bell to start, but the old man didnt mind it.] Feller countrymen, I'm for the Union, now and forever; united we stand—divided we —'

Just then the railroad started off suddenly, and twitched the old man head over heels clean off the car! When he came down he hit his head right into Uncle Hezekiah Spaldin's big pannch, and they both fell down together, nary one on 'em warn't hurt much, and the people ketchin the Captin up and carried him off on their shoulders to the meetin-house, hurrawin ready to split their throats. Arter they got there they passed the followin resolutions:—

Resolved, That the Bay State is a fool and a madman, and that the Dead Cow Brook Artillery Company, under the gallant Curnel Jones and the brave Captin Simon Spaldin, will put her into a straight jacket.

Resolved, That not one man in ten in the Bay State is abberlshunists; but that the whigs and dimmercats is pretty near divided, and that the fannyticks has the ballance of power, which places our office lovin legislators into a false position, and disgraces our State in the eyes of patriots.

Resolved, That we love our glorious Union, and will die rather then see it broke up.

Resolved, That the abberlshunists is traitors to their cuntry and the allies of her enemies, and that every son of a gun on 'em ort to be kivered with melasses and fetters, and sent to sea in wash tubs.

Captin Potter then got up and remarked that if the Unionists would put that last resolution into force, he'd furnish the melasses at cost, for cash down, and would h'lp do it on in the bargain; whereupon, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the abberlshunists of the male gender shall be tarred and feathered with melasses, and shall be debarred the use of soap until they swear allegiance to this glorious Union.

The meetin then broke up with glorious enthusiasm and went hum. The folks is all well to Shady Grove, and send love.—Sister Ruth-in-law has got one baby and a pair of twins, all boys, and looks as if she would live to have as menny more. She is a smart gal, and so is Simon. I'll write agin if we have any outbrake.

Your lovin and kind friend,
PARDON JONES, Curnel and so on.

From the Mirror.

An Hour at the Old Playground.

I sat an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream—
Where we were school boys in old time,
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves
The pond is dried away,
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The school-house is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees,
The wild rose by the window side—
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate,
The sod they rested on
Has ben plowed up by stranger hands
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John,
And what is sadder now—
The broken grapevine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;
I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare—
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring—
That bubbled down the alder path,
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill,
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still;
The birds sing yet upon the boughs—
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind,
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
The same half panel in the path,
We used so oft to climb,
And thought how o'er the bars of life,
Our playmates had past on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

They who will abandon a friend for one error, know but little of the human character, and prove that their hearts are cold as their judgments are weak.

AGRICULTURAL.

Butter making.—It requires no particular skill to skim milk at the right time, to churn, to work, to salt and pack it. Any sensible woman can do it all, and do it well, but still they must take pains, they must be careful. Careful to skim the milk before the cream gets bitter; in warm weather, to cool the milk as soon as it is strained, and before it is set in pans. No very hard task, but a very important one, as I have learned from my own experience. Then they must be careful to churn before the cream stands too long, for if the cream contracts any bad taste, it will continue in the butter. Be careful to work out all the buttermilk, and work the salt well in. Use none but the best dairy salt, and use it freely; there is more danger of making the butter too fresh than too salt. If packed in the firkin at the dairy, as it always should be, an inch or two of clear strong brine should be put over each layer until it is filled. If intended to be kept long before bringing to market, the firkin should be put into a cool cellar, set upon end, a small hole bored through the head, a few handsfull of coarse salt, not common selina, but the solar evaporated, put upon the head, and the head filled with strong pure brine. When sent to market, the hole should be plugged up with the brine in, and the salt taken off clean. By following these directions, May butter will be sweet and good when May comes again. But observe that the firkin must be thoroughly seasoned, and soaked in brine before the butter is put in, and that more butter is spoiled in the cream than any other way. In warm weather cream will become tainted before a person is aware. Thus much for dairy butter. Store butter may be very much improved if the merchant will take more care. He should have at least three tubs of strong pure brine, into which he should put his butter as he takes it in, washed over carefully, re-salted and packed in firkins as directed for the dairy, and managed in all respects in the same manner. By all means sort your butter, as it comes in, as you will then be enabled to have it of uniform quality in the firkin, a very desirable object in market. If any one should send butter, I hope they will conform to the foregoing suggestions, and if it does not come into market in good condition, it will be the first time I have known them fail.—Ohio Cultivator.

Lightning and Manure.—It has been discovered in England that electricity, real lightning, conducted by wires to the earth, greatly promotes vegetation, and hence many persons are enriching their grounds by this new stimulant. We hope good will come of it. This generation is certainly fulfilling its destiny. It is becoming the "utilitarian age" with a vengeance, which brings down from the clouds the lightning of heaven, (eripit fulmen) to manure the cornfield, substituting Jove's dreadful lightnings for the stable manure. The guano trade will be broken up entirely, and a tempestuous season, with vivid lightning, will be worth forty muck heaps and stable yards. And yet it is probably true, that lightning can be made to promote vegetation; that it can be conducted to the required spot, and made subservient to the desired object—and if so, man has another cause of gratitude to the Giver; for he may now lay his hand upon the mane of the lightning, and render it not merely innocuous, but directly and visibly useful. Let him, in the use of the element, not forget Him,

"Whose hand the lightning forms,
Who heaves old ocean and who wings the storms."
U. S. (Phil.) Gazette.

Thinning Plants.—The thinning of seedling crops is a very necessary thing to be done in time, before the young plants have drawn one another up too much, by which they become weak, and out of form, and sometimes never do well afterward. All plants grow stronger, and ripen their juices better, when the air circulates freely around them, and the sun is not prevented from an immediate influence; an attention to which should be paid from the first appearance of plants breaking the ground. In thinning close crops, as onions, carrots, turnips, &c., be sure that they are not left too near, for instead of reaping a greater produce, they would assuredly be less. When they stand too close, they will make tall and large tops, but be prevented swelling in their roots; better to err on the wide side, for though there are few plants, they will be much finer ones.

Making Jelly.—Those who would make fine jelly, should always avoid boiling the juice of the fruit, when it is desirable to have the article, when made, retain the flavor of the fruit from which it was prepared. After the juice is pressed from the fruit, and the proper quantity of sugar added to it, let it be heated until the sugar is dissolved; after this is effected, no further heat is required to finish them.

The rules of etiquette, if we may judge from the conduct of some fashionable people, are too often brass rules, instead of "golden" ones.

HARDY CARROLL.

We learn that at the late term of Franklin Superior Court for Franklin county, Hardy Carroll was sentenced to execution, under the decision of the Supreme Court; and that he will pay the forfeit for his crimes on the second day of next month.

His appearance, when brought into the Court-house to receive his sentence, is said to have been pitiable in the extreme. Having escaped from Louisburg jail twice, it was found indispensable to chain him down to the floor by the legs and arms, and in consequence his hair and beard had grown to an enormous length, and he had wasted away almost to a skeleton. Hardy is a free man of color, and his life and death will be a warning to many of his class. For years he had committed crimes, and laughed at the law, for neither walls nor bolts could withstand him. But his career is doubtless now over. Chained down as he now is, there is no chance for his escape.

At one time in Louisburg Jail, whilst chained by the foot, he contrived to get hold of a piece of plate, and with this he severed his manacles, by a slow and tedious process of filing. He then took off all his clothes, and with some meat, which had been brought him for his dinner, greased himself from head to foot; and when the Jailer came in as usual, he slipped through his hands like an eel, made out of the prison, and plunged into Tar River, which runs but a few rods from the spot. He was hunted down, however, and bro't back.—Ral. Standard.

THE GRAVE.

How little reflection is expended upon, yet how much is called for by the grave—by the lowliest hillock that is piled over the icy bosom, by the grassiest hollow that has sunk with the mouldering bones of a fellow creature! And in this narrow haven rots the bark that has ploughed the surges of the great vital ocean! In this little den, that the thistle can overshadow in a day's growth, and the molewarp undermine in an hour's labor, is crushed the spirit that could enthral a world, and dare even a contest with destiny! How little it speaks for the value of the existence which man endures so many evils to prolong; how much it reduces the significance of both the pomp and wretchedness of being, reducing all its vicissitudes into the indistinguishable identity which infinite distance gives to the stars—a point without a parallel, a speck, an atom! Such is life—the gasp of a child that inspires the air of existence but once—a single breath breathed from eternity.

But the destiny that comes behind us—oblivion? It is not enough that we moralise upon the equality of the sepulchre; that the rich man, whose soul is in the ostentation of a marble palace, and his heart in the splendor of the feast should consider how small a pit must content him, or that the proud, who boast their "pre-eminence above the beasts," should know that the shaggy carcass and the lawn-shrouded corpse must fatten the earth together. We should teach our vanity the lesson of humiliation that is offered by the grave; neglecting the mighty mauoleums of those marvellous spirits which fame has rendered immortal, we should turn to the nameless tombs of the million, and in their deserted obscurity, discover the feeble hollow which we ourselves must have upon earth and the memory of men. Friendship forgets what the devouring earth has claimed; and even enmity ceases at last to remember the resting place of a foe. Love ourselves as we may, devote our affections to others as we can, yet must our memory perish with us in the grave.—Dr. Bird.

Totally Important.—The Editor's Table of the Knickerbocker has the following morsel:

A young gentleman, a member of our college, was expelled for the crime of drawing young ladies up to his room at night letting them down in the morning, by means of a rope and basket arranged from his window. Of course a great deal of gossiping conversation was the consequence. The following colloquy occurred between two young ladies: "Jane do you really believe that students draw girls up to their rooms?" "Certainly, my dear; more than that, I know they do." "How?"

"Well, I was going by the college one morning; it was just before light; 'twas very early in the morning; and I heard a noise in the direction of one of the College buildings. I looked that way, and as plain as I see you now, I saw a girl in a basket about half way from a three story window to the ground; and just then the rope broke, and down I came!" "Oh! Jane!"

A machine has been invented at Chicago, which promises to supersede the use of spades. By the assistance of two yokes of oxen and two men, it will cut a ditch two feet deep by three feet at the top, and 18 inches at the bottom, at the rate of 20 rods per day.

Dr. Franklin has our thanks for late Louisville and Cincinnati papers.

N. O. Crescent.
Glad to hear the old philosopher's well.